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bag was then given to a hamal, or we found the whole thousand pieces
 porter, to bring to the quarters which safe. We repeated the telling, be-
 we occupied. On counting the ing somewhat incredulous, but they
 money, expecting some deficiency, were all there."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ANALYSIS OF 1811.

ADDRESSED, AS USUAL, TO THE PRINTERS OF THE MAGAZINE.

Protinus irrupit venæ peioris in ævum
Omne Nefas.—

OFFSPRING of Koster*, well I know you're saying,
 "In God's name, *Signor*, where have you been straying?
 The YEAR ELEVEN now hath past and gone,
 And not a spark of Analysis flying,
 Our imps for want of fun were hourly crying—
 "Where are you hid, most sluggish CALDERONE?"

Well—here he is, full charged with wit—FROM NEWRY,
 You need not doubt it—faith I do assure ye,
 That no such place for learning wit I know.
 The CUSTOM-HOUSE—nay, nay, you need not stare,
 The *Custom-House*, upon my honour, there,
 Mirth, Wit, and Genius copiously do flow.

Wags as you are—most sapiently belike,
 You're thinking this, a traveller's kind of trick,
 A Custom-House, you'll say, is a mere den!
 Judging of what you've seen, perhaps you may
 Be right—but visit Newry, and you'll say,
 That there, tho' *Rev'nue Officers*, they are MEN!

"Well now to business—we began with Spain,
 What think you of a peep at it again?
 To see if its affairs are worse or mended:
 Three years are past since you said—"Spanish Folk
 Determin'd to resist a Tyrant's yoke—
 Et cetera—its fate is still suspended.

"*Sertorius, then you said to virtue prone,
 Upheld (relying on himself alone)
 Victorious conflict, maugre all assail,
 And 'gainst Rome's legions always did prevail.

"So far so good—harmonious be your song,
 But all about SERTORIUS must be wrong,
 How could he conquer, who had no ally?
 No subsidies, no foreign troops, or arms,
 No Cortes or Cacadores to raise alarms;
 Where did he get of victuals—full supply?

* See this Magazine, Vol. 2, page 38.

“ Besides upon another point we'll pose ye[†]
 In his day no such mountain as *Potosi*—
 Its bowels bursting with Argentean ore ;
 Nor millions of Peruvian slaves were goaded
 To dig its treasures, which on galleons loaded,
 Came home in cargoes—to th' *IBERIAN* shore.”

Come, *apropos*—where now are all those treasures,
 (The baneful fruit of all their hellish measures)
 Which Spain for centuries carried from Peru ?
 God only knows—whose curses will attend ay,
 “ *Invidiaque & vis & amor sceleratus habendi*”
 Remained the curse, away the treasures flew !

Most silly imps, how widely folly wanders—
 Your brains are scant, and small as any gander's ;
 I'll tell you how *SERTORIUS* did succeed—
 Where'er his arms the country had subdued,
 Destructive edicts ne'er were issued—
 Spare all, save all—was the general meed.

He ne'er gave orders like a silly boy—
 “ When I'm obliged to run, do you destroy—
 Burn corn and horn—burn churches, barn, and house,
 Leave not a breakfast—even for a mouse.
 Then cut and run, as hard as you can pelt,
 Privations, such as these, will ne'er be felt ;
 At *Torres Vedras*, most immense supplies
 Await you, furnish'd by your *GRAND ALLIES*.”

No, no—*Sertorius* took another way—
 “ Defend your *HOUSES*—by your *LARES* stay ;
 What hostile force our Commonwealth surrounds
 Shall never in one instance pass its bounds—
 This be my care.” Next all the Spanish youth,
 In love of country—patriotism and truth,
 He had instructed—but I shall not tell
 Whether, *a-la-mode de LANCASTER* or *BELL*.

These youths united like the “ *SACRED BAND*,”*
 Became the guardian angels of the land,
 Which guarded thus, did ev'ry hour increase
 In freedom, virtue, happiness, and peace.
 When foes approach'd, then rush'd forth old and young.
 Conquer or die, was heard from ev'ry tongue—
 Lead on, lead on—success must still attend—
 We have a *HOME*, a *COUNTRY* to defend.

We steer a different course—burn and destroy—
 Millions expend, and all our force employ—
 For what ?.....† “ To reinstate
 “ King *Ferdinando* on his Father's seat,
 Restore the *Inquisition*, and replace
 In *Monkish splendour*, all the *Monkish race*.”

The *Inquisition*—(not *SERTORIUS* like)
 At all improvement of the mind doth strike,

* The Sacred Band of *THEBES* we presume—in which
 were *EPAMINONDAS*, *PELOPIDAS* &c. &c.

† See this Magazine, vol. 2, page 38.

And ev'ry noble impulse of the soul
It paralyses—cramps, and blasts the whole.
Blush, Britons, blush—for in the English pale
The Inquisition—*only doth prevail.

“Softly and fair, good Sir, will you explain
What's your opinion of the war in Spain?
My opinion is declared, in language stronger
Than I could use, by ANACHARSIS younger,
His travels into Greece†—but this I'll say,
And you may take it in a general way:—
Friars, Monks, and priest-craft, jewels, gold, and plate,
Torture and chains—*can't* constitute a state.
But what *can* constitute is easy seen
By turning backwards‡ in this magazine.

Spain having *those*, and wanting *THIS*, must fall
Beneath a Tyrant's yoke, in spite of all
The sums we lavish—TALAVERA's skill!
The matchless bravery of our troops, and—HILL!

“Now, Sir, might we just hint, pray cease to roam,
And analyse a little about home.
Domestic items easily collected,
Are look'd for much, and earnestly expected.”

Well, then, I'll tell you of a *busy body*—
A crafty missionary—JEPSON ODDY,
Retailing vapid essays upon trade,
The most incongruous || nostrums ever made.

He says “you Irish—mind me—silly frogs,
Quitting all other work, go drain your *bogs*!
And on your bogs so drain'd—you may expect
Vast crops of flax, if sown as I direct.
Fall to it quickly, need I more explain—
Go home you sots, and drain—drain—drain—drain—drain,

Send *us* your corn, and when you want to eat,
Go and catch fish, as I shall shortly state,
Send all your hands save those that work at draining,
On board your smacks, and let them catch the fish,
They'll live as happy as their hearts can wish,
And never be for work, or cash, complaining!
The *Press-gangs* in these smacks, as in a jug,
Will nab the rogues, and sweep them off so snug!” } *Aside.*

Methinks I hear young Paddy say “by,
Its mighty well constructed for to please us,
But 'bout the fish, it minds me of a story,
I'll tell it to your “Reverence and Glory.”

* See *Travels in Spain*.

† See *Travels of Anacharsis*, vol. 1, page 166 to 176.

‡ See this Magazine, vol. 2, page 38.

|| See his declamations at Belfast, Carrickfergus, Derry, &c.
and before all, his Letter of 27th December, 1811; to the *Com-
mittee of National purposes at Londonderry!!* It is good for this
Committee that they are not CATHOLICS, as the Convention
Bill would then operate.

Myself a yonker, I was told that salt
 Thrown on the tail of a—a, what do you call't?
 A water-wagtail, straight would make it stand,
 Oft—when I thought I had it in my hand,
 Wagtail flew off—*nabocklish*—I'm afraid
 So would the fish for all that you have said.
 May be, when we had quit our bit of land,
 The *codling*, like the *wagtail* would not stand: "
 The farmers in KILLEAD, think all this pother,
 'Bout draining bogs a pompous silly "blather"
 Their usual tilth—a plenteous harvest yields,
 And most luxuriant crops adorn their fields.
 Could *Oddy's Nostrums*—any good obtain—
 THEY know not where, to find a bog to drain!
 Another *Nostrum* from the linen board,
Vide the same, * will ample proof afford,
 How much some people have us in their eye:
 To me, it doth not prove a single jot,
 Whether the flaxseed will arrive or not;
 I cannot comprehend it—no—not I.

It's *semblance* is—most sapient sons of Koster!
 Like an old manifesto of Jack Foster;
 Who, one year, when the flaxseed was so bad.
 That none but musty rubbish could be had,
 So shrimpt, that oil mills scarcely might it squeeze,
 Ne'er mind me boys, says Jack, just keep your temper,
 You know me rightly—I'm *codem semper*,
 I'll get you flaxseed plenty—OUT OF GREECE!!
 Records of custom houses clearly show,
 Whether the flaxseed came that year—or no.
 You sable chicks, wer't not to make you saucy,
 I'd treat you with the "POEM OF THE CAUSEWAY,"
 Besides a mighty pretty little song,
 The Poem of the Causeway, "Notes, and Text,"
 Together with the Sonnet in your next—
 Make 'due obeisance now, and come long
 CALDERONE.

(To be Continued.)

Edentecullo, 17th February, 1812.

To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

SOME old manuscript papers having fallen into my hands several years ago, when on the Continent, I had the good fortune to rescue, among others, the following little poem from being for ever lost. Lest it should hereafter be exposed to similar danger, I now send it to you for insertion in your valuable periodical publication.—It came from the pen of the Rev. William

Birmingham, for several years Royal Professor of Greek in the University of Coimbra, and in his latter days Rector of the Royal Irish College of Salamanca, and Visitor-General of all the Irish Colleges in Spain. These poetic productions were never intended for the public eye, being written merely to relieve his mind, when oppressed with more serious studies, or when labouring under severe corporal infirmities; and submitted to the inspection solely of his bosom friend, and the companion of his studies, the Rev. Michael

* See Mr. Corry's Address in the Newspapers of last week, and among the documents at the end of the Commercial Report in this Magazine.